
*Still, as Christmas-tide comes round,
They remember it again —
Echo still the joyful sound
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"*

*Yet the hearts must childlike be
Where such heavenly quests abide;
Unto children, in their glee,
All the year is Christmas-tide!*

*Thus, forgetting tricks and play
For a moment, Lady dear,
We would wish you, if we may,
Merry Christmas, glad New Year!*

Christmas 1867

INTRODUCT

*All in the golden afternoon
Full leisurely we glide
For both our oars, with
By little arms are plied
While little hands make
Our wanderings to guide*

*Ah, cruel Three! In such
Beneath such dream
To beg a tale of breath
To stir the tiniest feat
Yet what can one poor
Against three tongues*

*Imperious Prima flashe
Her edict "to begin with*
